PELEG AND PETER;

—OR,—

AROUND THE HORN.

—o—

A FARCE-COMEDY

IN FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

F. L. CUTLER.

—o—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—
AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

as played by the Cutler Comedy Co.

PETER POLSTEIN.....F. L. Cutler
PELEG POTTS.....Master Burt Cutler
CAPT. HARGREAVES.....Fred Batton
HANIBAL, (colored).....Sam. Metheney

ISABEL COURTNEY.....Ida May Trobee
KATE LARKY.....Myra Cutler

——o——

SCENE:

The cabin of an ocean steamer, with door C. showing sea view, with Railing of vessel, ropes, etc. Only one scene is used throughout the play.

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Costumes—Modern.

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TIME—1½ HOURS.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

Peleg and Peter; or, Around the Horn.

ACT I.

SCENE—The cabin of an ocean steamer, with door C. *showing sea view with railing of vessel, ropes, etc.*

Capt. (*outside*) Lively there, men; on board with that merchandise! Time flies!

Enter, HANIBAL, C., *with bundle under his arm—looks around.*

Lively, lads, lively! (*exit,* HANIBAL, L.

Enter, CAPTAIN, C., *with bills of lading, etc.—sits at table and looks over papers.*

Enter, ISABEL *and* KATE, C., *with baggage*—ISABEL *drops into chair.*

Isa. There, after all the worry and excitement, we are here in plenty of time after all.

Kate. Well, that's what I told you all the time. No use worrying, says I, if you miss getting to the wharf in time to go home on the Mary Jane, there'll be plenty more ships in a day or two.

Capt. (*rising*) At your service ladies.

Isa. Is this Captain Hargreaves, commanding the ship Mary Jane?

Capt. I have that honor.

Isa. We have engaged passage to New York. (*presents tickets*

Capt. (*looks at tickets*) Staterooms eight and ten are assigned to you and you can take possession as soon as you choose.

Points—turns to exit C.—PELEG *and* PETER *appear at doorway, run against each other and begin to fight*—CAPT. *separates them*—ISABEL *and* KATE, *frightened, run* R. C. *and stand with arms around each other.*

Capt. Now, gentlemen, perhaps you will explain this disturbance.

Peleg. Wall, boss, thar ain't much ter explain, only thot Sauerkraut run agin me and Oi couldnt sthand thot, no now, and thin ther fool showed foight, an' Oi jes' thought Oi'd put it all over him.

Peter. You pud a fight all over me, vill you? Ve vill see apont dot! (*start to fight*—CAPT. *stops them*

Capt. Come, come, no more of that; I can't allow it!

Peter. Vell, dot's ust as you say. I dond't gare pout dot Yankee. He petter look oud.

Peleg. Bah——— (PETER *starts for him*—CAPT. *stops them*

Capt. Come, gentlemen, settle your differences some other time when there are no ladies present.

Peleg & *Peter.* } Ladies!

Catch up their baggage and start out C.—*run against each other and begin to fight*—CAPT. *stops them.*

Capt. Now, gentlemen, I positively will have no more of this. I suppose you have engaged passage on this vessel or you wouldn't be here.

Peleg & *Peter.* } We have. (*produce tickets*

Capt. (*looks at tickets*) Stateroom seven is yours, (*to* PELEG) and you can take possession as soon as you choose.

Peleg. All roight, boss, Oi'll be thar instanter. But say, thar's a couple av moighty foine lookin' galls you've got thar.

Capt. That is your room, sir.

Peleg. Yis, all roight. (*takes baggage and exits* R. U. E.

Capt. (*takes* PETER'S *ticket*) Twelve is yours.

Peter. Oh, vone vill do me.

Capt. All right; right in here, sir.

Peter. Vot dime do ve eat on der poat?

Capt. At four bells.

Peter. Oh, you needn't go do all dot droubles. Vone vill do shoost so vell off you ring him strong.

(*takes baggage and exits* L. U. E.

Capt. (*going forward*) Ladies, not frightened, I hope.

Isa. Nearly out of my wits! Oh, Captain Hargreaves, I do hope we shall have no more such disturbances during our voyage.

Capt. My dear Miss———

Isa. Courtney.

Capt. Thanks. There is no danger whatever from those two individuals. They are a couple excentric geniuses, and their oddities will serve to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

Isa. I hope so; but when I think of what the future has in store for me, I could almost wish that this voyage might never have an ending, (*aside*) What am I saying? (*aloud*) Kate, I will go to my room.

KATE *takes baggage and both exit* L. U. E. *ahead of* PETER'S *room.*

Enter, PELEG, *from room, with very small pillow in his hand.*

Peleg. Say, Cap, what in tarnation do yer call thot ere thing?

Capt. That, sir, is one of the pillows off your bunk.

Peleg. A piller! Thot ere thing? (*exit,* CAPT., C.) Oi thought maybe as how it was a patent pin cushion or loife presarver or som'tin' av thot koind.

Enter, KATE, L.

Kate. Excuse me, sir, I didn't know there was anyone present.

Peleg. (*aside*) B'gosh, if it ain't one av thim gals. Oi must kinder git acquainted. (*aloud*) Thot's all roight, Miss. Me an' ther

Cap war jest a havin' a little talk. Say, he says thot ere thing's a piller! (*holds it out*

Kate. (*laughs*) The idea! Why, it isn't large enough for a babe.

Peleg. No; an' Oi ain't no infant neither. But say, goin' clear through to New York?

Kate. I suppose I am as that will be our first port.

Peleg. Shure. Oi hadn't thought av thot. But say, my name's Peleg Potts. What's you'rn?

Kate. Kate Larky, at present in the service of Miss Isabel Courtney, on our return to New York from San Francisco.

Peleg. Me too. Oi went down thar on ther keers an' by bees' wax Oi niver had sich a toime in all me born days.

Kate. You will please excuse me. (*going*

Peleg. All roight; but say, we'll git better acquainted before we gits to New York, won't we?

Kate. (*smiling*) I hope so.

(*exits into stateroom*—PELEG *looks after her a moment*

Peleg. Moighty foine lookin' gal! (*starts for his room—misses pillow and comes back—looks around floor, in his hat and vest pockets, finally discovers it—takes it out of pocket*) Thar she is! By gum, Oi thought Oi'd lost it. (*exits into room*

Enter, ISABEL *followed by* KATE, L.

Isa. Now, Kate, as we are going to be cooped up here for some time we may as well make the best of it and try and enjoy ourselves as much as possible under the circumstances.

Kate. Miss Isabel, that is the way I like to hear you talk, it sounds more like your own self before you commenced worrying about this marrying business.

Isa. Isn't it enough to trouble anyone? Just think how I am situated. An orphan without a known relative in the wide world, and forced in accordance with my father's will to marry a man I have never seen, or forfeit the wealth that has thus far allowed me a life of ease and luxury.

Kate. Your father was an old fool!

Isa. Kate!

Kate. I don't care; your father had no right to select your husband for you. I don,t believe in these planned marriages, in the betrothal of infants in the cradle.

Isa. Nor I. Well, I have three months yet in which to decide and there's no use troubling one's self over the inevitable.

Kate. That's what I say. (*sings*) "Let's be happy and gay still."

Enter, PETER, *from* R.

Peter. Vell, dhere, I got mine clothes unpacked und—— Put dhere vas der laties. Pleasantly dunderin' hot—fine tay, laties.

Isa. Very pleasant, indeed.

Peter. I vonder ven der poat———

Isa. I understand we will be under way soon.

Peter. I dond't know vot do tink apout dot poat ridin' piziness. I nefer tried dot put vonce pefore in mine life und dot dime ve dond't more ash got started ven I got me so sick!—oh, mine gootgracious, put I vould rather lose me a haluf a tollar, put I vas sick. (*makes face—puts hands on stomach*) I lose me mine dinner in apout

dwo minutes vot I paid a haluf a tollar vor shoost pefore I started und I thought py gracious I vould throw oop mine———

Isa. }
& } Sir! (*both turn away*
Kate. }

Peter. (*aside*) Vot's der matter mit dem?

Isa. You will confer a favor by changing the subject of your conversation.

Peter. Dot so? Vell, say, dot vas a quick shange vor dot dinner do.

Isa. Sir! (*turns away*

Kate. I suppose you, like the rest of us, have been to San Francisco attending the reunion.

Peter. You pet you; und I've peen havin' lots off fun oud dhere doo. Off I vasn't goin' pack I vould peen dhere yot.

Kate. What did you do to amuse yourself?

Peter. Oh, I vent do der balls und parties und der theatre nnd I vent all ofer. Bud say, do you know vhere dey keep der kitchen on this poat?

Kate. No, sir.

Peter. Vell, pelieve I vill look arount a leetle und fint oud. I vas gittin' hungry like der duce. (*exit* L. 1 E.

Isa. (*smiles*) What an odd genius.

Enter, CAPTAIN, L.

Ah, Captain, we have just been enjoying a visit from our German friend.

Capt. I am pleased to see you looking so much happier than when you first came on board. I wish you a pleasant voyage and hope you may never regret the day you embarked upon the Mary Jane.

Isa. Thanks. I anticipate a pleasant time, but I do hope we may not encounter any severe storms on our way.

Capt. I hope not, but that is something we cannot foretell. However, in case of a storm you can rest assured you could not be on a better or more sea-worthy vessel than the Mary Jane.

(*starts out* C.

Isa. Must you be in such a hurry to leave us, Captain?

(*smiles*

Capt. (*touches cap*) Business before pleasure. However, when once at sea we will have more time to chat. (*exit* C.

(ISABEL *comes front*

Kate. Miss Isabel if this man you are to marry was anything like our worthy captain here, to marry him wouldn't be such a hard task, eh? (*playfully strikes her with fan*

Isa. (*blushes*) What nonsensical ideas you get into your head.

Enter, PELEG, R.

Peleg. Say, things look kinder scrumptuous round here an' if ther fodder only suits me iverything will be O K. (*sees ladies* Ah, Miss Kate an'———

Kate. Mis Courtney, Mr. Potts.

Isabel. Mr. Potts, I am pleased to meet you.

Peleg. Here, too. (*starts forward to shake hands*—ISABEL *same*

time turns away and sits in chair at table—PELEG *looks at her then shakes his own hand—turns to* KATE) Kinder stuck up, Oi reckon.

Kate. Take no offense, Mr. Potts; she is not used to your ways.

Peleg. Kinder——— (*taps head*

Kate. No, no! you do not understand. But never mind, you will become better acquainted before the voyage is ended.

Peleg. Oi hope so; with you at least.

Looks at her and grins—KATE *blushes and turns away—loud sounds off* L.—*slaps, cries of pain, etc.*

Peter. (*outside*) Holt on! holt on! dot vas all fun—I dond't mean—look oud mit your foolishness! (*slap*) Dond't strike me dot vay! (*slap*) I dakes id all pack. (*slap*) Look oud dhere!

PETER *comes falling in on stage* L.—*jumps up and starts to run—runs against* PELEG.—*begin to fight.*

Enter, CAPTAIN, C., *quickly—separates and holds them apart.*

Capt. What's the meaning of this? Speak, sir! (*to* PETER

Peter. Vell, shoost gif me dime und I'll oxplain.

Capt. Please do so.

Peter. Haf you got a gal dot vorks down in der kitchen?

Capt. You must mean the cook.

Peter. I guess so—she gooked me!

Capt. Well, what has that to do with this disturbance?

Peter. Vell, she shoost look so sweet standin' py der dable peelin' onions, dot I dought me I vould kiss her a leetle shoost vor fun you know, ven great sheminy!

Capt. What happened?

Peter. Vell, I dond't know vedder id vas an earthquake dot strike or not, put shoost abond dot dime der slop bail turned ofer, und I got hit on von side off der head und den on der ouder, und I gongluded I dond't pelong down dere und I dought I vould gome pack.

Capt. And the girl? where was she?

Peter. She vas right dere, too!

Peleg. By gosh, thot was good enough fer ye!

PETER *shows fight,* PELEG *ditto*—CAPT. *keeps them apart*—PELEG *goes off* R. *to his room—exit* PETER *to room—exit* KATE, *ditto*—CAPT. *offers* ISABEL *his arm and they exit* C. D. *and stand looking off to sea.*

Enter, PETER, R., *frightened—backs out of room with revolver in hand runs across stage then goes back to room and looks in—backs out.*

Peter. Mine Got in Himmel; I find me somedings in mine room. (*slips up again and looks—backs out*) Oh! vot vos dot?

Enter, HANIBAL, *through door* L.—PETER *shoots*—HANIBAL *runs across stage and exits* R. *into* PELEG'S *room—re-enter* HANIBAL, PELEG *after him with knife*—HANIBAL *runs* C. *then forward to footlights*—PETER *and* PELEG *both kick at him and fall on floor—they clinch and fight*—HANIBAL *runs back and looks at them—when* PETER *shoots pistol* ISABEL *faints*—CAPT. *catches her.*

Han. (*swings hat*) Hi! golly jes' see 'em chaw each other! (*picture*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—Same as Act I.—CAPT. *and* ISABEL *seen standing in door* C. *looking off to sea.*

Isa. (*coming forward*) Then the highest point of land has receded from view and our voyage is fairly begun.

Capt. Yes: the only scenery you will see now for a good many days will be a vast wilderness of water.

Isa. I love the sea and am never happier than when afloat.

Capt. I can truthfully say the same.

Isa. There was one thing I was going to ask you and it almost slipped my mind.

Crpi. What was that?

Isa. What did you do with the darkey?

Capt. Oh, he begged so hard for me to take him to New York that I could not refuse; so I told him if he would make himself generally useful about the ship, he could go. If you want him at any time just tap the bell.

Isa. But how came he in the Dutchman's room?

Capt. He had stored himself away until the ship should get to sea, but his hiding place was discovered by the Dutchman, who, in his fright, nearly shot him.

Isa. And nearly frightened me out of my wits—but our pugilistic friends?

Capt. Are all right. They discovered their mistake before they had hurt each other to amount to anything.

Isa. I hope we shall not be treated to any more such scenes in the future. Situated as I am without a protector——

Capt. You forget me.

Isa. No; and I am grateful to you for favors shown me, but, pardon me when I say that a lady could expect no other treatment from an American sailor.

Capt. (*touches cap*) Thanks; and allow me to add this, knowing me to be an American sailor, I hope you will not hesitate, in an hour of need, to call on me, for where can you find an American sailor or citizen that is a man, who would refuse to shed the last drop of his heart's blood to protect a woman from insult or injury?

Enter, PELEG, L., *in time to hear last of speech.*

Peleg. Thot's ther talk, Oi say. Three cheers, for ther American Agle! (CAPT. *quickly goes* L.—ISA. R.) But say, Oi hope Oi ain't interferin' with any agreements.

Isa. Not at all, sir.

Peleg. Well, all roight thin, only two's company, and Oi shouldn't loike it mesilf. (*starts* L.

Capt. You needn't leave on our account; eh, Miss Courtney?

Isa. Certainly not.

Peleg. Wall, of course if it don't make any difference Oi'll—— (*looks from one to the other*) But say, Oi'll jes' look in agin. (*going*

Isa. Will you stop where you are, sir, you are not in the least in in the way.

Peleg. Jes' as you say. (*comes back*) Thot remoinds me av ther toime whin Oi wint sparkin' Sall——

Capt. I suppose you had quite a time. (*exit*, CAPT., C. D.

At same time ISA. *crosses and exits into her room* R.—PELEG *is astonished—finally starts out* C. D.

Enter, KATE *from room and crosses to front,* R., *singing "Life on the Ocean Wave," etc.*—PELEG *comes back and follows her* R.—KATE *screams.*

Kate. Why, Mr. Potts, how you frightened me!
Peleg. Did Oi—— Didn't go to—— Oi'm sorry!
Kate. I am so nervous.
Peleg. Wall—— Goll dang it, Oi'm sorry!
KATE *sits in chair at table* R—PELEG *in chair* L.

Enter, HANIBAL, C. D.—*looks from one to the other—grins—goes to* PELEG.

Han. What's de mattah, massa, ain't sick, is yoh?
Peleg. No. (KATE *sighs—he goes to her*
Han. What's de mattah wif yoh, young missy, is yoh sick?
Kate. No.
Han. (*aside*) Now dem folkses am sick an' I knows jes' what's de mattah wif 'em. Dey's been takin' too much moonshine aftah suppah.
Peleg. Hanibal, (HAN. *goes to him*) bring me a glass of water. (HAN. *starts*
Kate. Hanibal, (*goes to her*) I dropped my handkerchief on deck while walking. Please find it for me.
Han. Yes'm. (*going*
Peleg. Hanibal, (*goes to* PELEG) be jist as long about it as you can. Understand?
Han. (*grins—aside*) Yes, I understand. Dey bofe want to git rid of me. (*starts—gets to door* C. *then turns and looks back—grins*) Hi! golly, if dat ain't de sickest lookin' couple I eber seed. (*exit* C.
Peleg. Kate.
Kate. Mr. Potts. (*both rise and move* C. *toward each other*

Enter, PETER, *from room.*

Peleg. (*looks at* PETER) Jerusalem!

Rushes into his room—KATE *goes front* R.—PETER *looks after* PELEG *in astonishment, then sees* KATE—*attempts to put his arms around her—she gives him a push which sends him sprawling on the floor —exit,* KATE, *into her room*—PETER *gets up slowly—looks around.*

Peter. Dhere vos no posey flower mitout stickers! Py gracious! dot voman vos got a muscle on him like von prize fighter. Der man vot she marries vill half do stand arount. (*exit into room*

Enter, HANIBAL, C.

Han. Say, why where de dickens am de folks? (*laughs*) By golly, but dey am badly mashed on each odder. But changing de subject, I'se struck a good job here, good chuck and a good bunk. Oh I feels like a bumble-bee in de clovah! (*sings*) "Oh, go 'long, Liza Jane, etc." (*dances*

Enter, ISABEL, R.

Isa. Hanibal, come here. Did I not hear you singing just now?

Han. I don't know but what I was a tunin' my melodious voice a little on de scale.

Isa. I would like very much to hear you sing.

Han. Oh, Lor' missy, I can't sing 'fore company.

Isa. (*archly*) What! not to please me?

Han. (*aside*) If she'd jis' keep lookin' at me dat way I'd jump off de boat if she told me to. I'se got to get out ob heah.

(*exit* R. 1 E.

Enter, CAPT., C.

Capt. I was sure I heard singing.

Isa. It must have been Hanibal singing some of his Darkey songs.

Capt. Sorry to have missed it.

Enter, PELEG, L.—*hands on stomach and all doubled up.*

Peleg. Oh, gee whitikers! Cap., suthins ther matter wid me! It's ketched me roight in ther stomach—— Oh! tarnation!

Capt. (*smiles*) Oh, that's nothing serious. If you will lie down a while you will undoubtedly feel better soon.

Peleg. Oh, Oi'm a goner, sure! (*exit into room*

Enter, PETER, R. *very sick—doubled up and face twisted out of shape.*

Peter. Oh, say, mine Got in Himmel, vot kind off a sickness vos dot? Oh, mine gootness gracious! (*rushes into his room*

CAPT. *and* ISA. *look at each other and smile—he offers his arm to her and they exit* C. D. *in seeming conversation.*

Enter, PELEG, L., *in shirt sleeves—hand to his mouth—runs out* C. D. *and vomits over railing—goes back to room wiping mouth.*

Enter, PETER, R.—*biz. same then exit into room.*

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, *together—run to railing—run against each other—begin to fight—*PETER *has to stop and vomit over railing—*PELEG *spars—just as* PETER *gets through and turns to fight* PELEG *runs to railing and vomits—*PETER *goes to room—*PELEG *goes to room—*CAPT. *and* ISA. *appear at* C.D.—CAPT. *raises cap to her and exits* C.—ISA. *exits into her room.*

Enter, KATE, *from room—goes to table* R. *and sits.*

Enter, PELEG, *from room.*

Peleg. Thar, Oi feel a good deal better.

Kate. Glad to hear it.

Peleg. Say, b'gosh, thot disase ketches a feller moighty suddint! But say, Miss Kate——

Kate. Mr. Potts!

Peleg. (*suddenly*) Did you say anything, Miss Kate?

(*looks at her then starts for door*

Kate. Where are you going?

Peleg. (*comes back*) Oh, no place in pertic'ler.

Kate. (*about to cry—biz. with handkerchief*) You're the—the—I don't know what to call you!

Peleg. Gosh! how hot it is in here! Oi believe Oi'll go out on deck. (*going*

Kate. (*runs after him*) Oh, don't! Mr. Potts, you might catch cold, and—and—then—

Peleg. And then?

Kate. You might die!

Cries—turns from him—he puts his arm around her and tries to take her hands from her face.

Enter, HANIBAL, L.

Han. Hi! Golly! (*rushes off again*

(PELEG *leads* KATE *to chair* R. C.—*gets chair and sits beside her*

Enter, PETER, *from room in night gown and cap—runs to railing and vomits—starts for room, is taken sick again and runs back to railing—business same—starts for room—discovers* KATE *and* PELEG *—frightened—runs for room but goes into* ISABEL'S *room by mistake—*ISABEL *screams—*PETER *yells and comes running out of her room with* ISABEL *after him with revolver—*PETER *drops on knees* C.—ISABEL *points revolver at him—*KATE *screams when* PETER *comes out of* ISABEL'S *room and throws herself into* PELEG'S *arms* CAPTAIN *appears at* C. D. *and enters as Curtain falls.*

ACT III.

Scene same as Act I.

Enter, HANIBAL, C. D.

Han. I neber seed sich times as we're habin' on dis boat! Eberybody am gittin' in lub and trouble all de time. Now, dar's Captain and Miss Isabel am bofe in lub wif each other and dat ar Yankee and Miss Kate am in de same siteration. Eberybody

Enter, PETER, *from room.*

am habin' trouble but me and de Dutchman.

Peter. Vot's dot apoud dot Dutchmans?

Han. Hello! yoh's out agin is yoh?

Peter. Oh, I vos all right now. But say, I gome bretty near gitting shooted mit dot vomans!

Han. Hi! hi! hi! By golly, I'll neber forgit dat time as long as I lib and dat Summer costume yoh was dressed in! Say, Dutchy, I'd like to hab yoh's picture jes' as yoh looked when de gal had a bead on yoh.

Peter. Vell, I vos scared, you pet you! But vot vould you do mit dot picture off you got id?

Han. I'd hang it up in de cellar to scare away de rats.

(PETER *strikes at him—*HAN. *dodges and runs front* L.

Peter. You plack rascal! I vill show you do make fun mit me! You—you—

Han. Sauerkraut!

Peter. Gome Placky, ve vill say no more apout dot. I dond't vont no droubles mit you. Gome oud on der deck, I vant do talk mit you. (*exeunt* C. D.

Enter, KATE, R.

Kate. Oh, dear, I wish we were at out journey's end, it is so dull on board ship; and poor Miss Isabel is grieving herself to death. She is determinned to obey her father's command, and if she does she'll soon be insane, for anyone can see with half an eye that she fairly worships Captain Hargreaves, and he thinks as much of her as she does of him. They're smart folks in some ways, but in the matter of love two bigger fools never met.

Enter, ISABEL, C., *in time to hear last of speech.*

Isa. Kate, I am very grateful to you for the interest you take in my affairs, as I have told you before, but I want you to distinctly understand that if you wish to remain in my employ you must be more careful in expressing your opinions.

Kate. Miss Isabel, don't be offended at me. If I didn't think so much of you I would not care, but as it is I can't bear to see you so melancholy and lifeless, when you are naturally as light-hearted and free as a bird.

Isa. Enough, Kate; you do not understand the situation. If you did you would think differently.

Kate. I don't care, I understand this much. Captain Hargreaves loves you—

Isa. Kate!

Kate. And you love him and—

Isa. Kate, leave the room! (*exit*, KATE, L.) She but speaks the truth. Oh, father! father! you signed my death warrant when you signed your will! (*drops in chair at table—covers face with hands*

Enter, CAPTAIN, C.

Capt. Isabel. (*goes to her and puts hand on her head—hears someone coming—looks out* C.—*comes back*) Confound it!

Enter, PETER, L. U. E., PELEG, R. U. E. *and* HANIBAL, C. D. *at same time* PELEG *enters.*

(*exit*, CAPT. R.—ISA. *exits into her room*

PETER *goes* L. *and looks after* ISA.—PELEG *goes* R. *and looks after* CAPT.

Han. I guess dey got away.

Peleg. (*comes* C.) Say, thim folks act mighty queer.

Peter. Yah, dot vorser den dot sickness dot ve got vhen ve first came on der poat.

Peleg. Oi should say it was. If they don't get the matter straightened up in some way pritty quick thor'll be two cases av susan side some av these days.

Peter. Dot's apout der facts off der gase.

Peleg. Oi should say it was.

Peter. I vill told you vot dot reminds me apout. I vell remember vone dimes ven I dry do dell Katrina dot I like her her bretty vell, und efry dime I vould dry do speak do her she vould look at me mit dose plue eyes off hers und py gracious I dond't could say noting.

Han. Had a kind ob stoppage in yoh's speech, eh?

Peter. Somedings like dot.

Peleg. Well, I'll tell yer. I knew a feller one time by the

name av Sam Skinner, and he fell in love with a girl by the name of Dedog, and the blasted fool was just like the Captain here. He didn't have ther spunk ter ax Miss Dedog ter hev him, and he jest fooled along till Miss Dedog got disgusted with there whole business and married a stranger as come around there by ther name av Jim Strangle.

Han. Dat was a clear case of strangle de dog!

Peleg. And Skinner was everlastingly left.

Peter. Say, dere's vone ting dot I vant do speak apout vile I dond't vorgot id, und dot vos dis. Off you efer dry do make lof mit Katie, stand avay off or—

Han. You might get de consumpting.

PELEG *strikes at him—he runs off* C.—PETER *exits* L. U. E. *smiling*—PELEG *storms about stage.*

Enter, KATE, R.

Peleg. Confound him, anyway, Oi'll break his head!

Kate. Break who'se head?

Peleg. Why, thot darned nigger's! His fooling around in here is too much, anyway!

Kate. Why, Mr. Potts, why are you so angry?

Peleg. Oi ain't angry, Oi'm mad!

Kate. Never mind the Darkey, Mr. Potts. Come sit down and be sociable. (*sits at table*

Peleg. (*aside*) Phot makes me so allfired narvous? Oi swan, Oi'm pretty near as bad as ther Captain, but goll darn it, no true born American citizen should take to his heels afore ther enemy fires a shot, and Oi won't show ther white feather now, (*aloud*) Miss Kate.

Kate. Mr. Potts?

Peter. (*outside*) Gaptain, you vill find id oud ust as I told you. (PELEG *starts then hurriedly exits* R. U. E.—*exit,* KATE, L.

Enter, PETER *and* CAPTAIN, C. D.

Ven a man lofs a vomans mit his whole heart, petter he marry dot voman off he lose efry cent off money and broperty vot he got, den id vould pe do marry some vomans dot got blenty money und no heart.

Capt. Of course, of course. But I suppose there are cases where—

Peter. No, sir; dere vos no gase vere any man or vomans vould pe justified in getting married mitout lof or do blame some vone else. Ve haf got vone life do lif und dere vas no life happy mitoud lof.

Capt. (*shakes hands*) You speak my sentiments.

Enter, ISABEL, C. D.—*stops and listens.*

Peter. Dere vas lots off droubles made by some beoples dot got married ven dere vos no lof. I got some droubles mineself aboud dot. Mine fader vant me do marry vone gal vot dond't suit me. I vou'd like do blease mine fader, put I vould rader suit mineself. Id vould pe me dot vould haf do lif mit dot vomans und not mine fader, (*exit,* ISA. C.) und ven I got married, Gaptain, id vill be der vomans I lof und not der money vot she got. (*exit* L. U. E.

Enter, KATE, L.

Capt. Well, Miss Kate, are you enjoying your voyage thus far?
Kate. How can I help it? A good ship, pleasant companions and beautiful weather.

(PELEG *appears* C. D. *and listens*

Capt. Glad to hear it. (*takes her hand*) Kate, why does Isabel avoid me? If I come in here she goes to her room. and if I meet her on deck she immediately excuses herself and goes to the cabin. Why is it? (PELEG *shakes fist and exits* C. D.
Kate. Ah, Captain, you shouldn't notice things so closely. But I can tell you one thing.
Capt. What is it?
Kate. (*smiles*) In my opinion, there is a certain Captain of a certain ship that Miss Isabel don't—exactly—hate.

(*exit*, CAPT., R. U. E.
(KATE *stands looking after him smiling*

Enter, PELEG, C. D.

Peleg. Oh! he's gone, has he?
Kate. If you mean Captain Hargreaves, yes. But what of it?
Peleg. Oh, yer needn't look so goll darned innercent about it! I seen yer!
Kate. Seen what?
Peleg. Seen yer and ther Captain in here, and he had a hold av yer hand and—
Kate. What if he did? is that any concern of yours?
Peleg. No; only—
Kate. Only what?
Peleg. Oh, nuthin'; only—
Kate. Well what?
Peleg. Kate if that Captain tries ter shine around yer, thor'll be one av ther goll darndest rows around here yer ever experienced!
Kate. What do you mean?
Peleg. Why, goll darn it, Kate, Oi won't stand it, no how!
Kate. Please explain yourself, sir.
Peleg. Why, Kate, Oi—

Drops on knees—ISA. *and* CAPT. *appear* C. D. PETER L. U. E. *and* HAN. R. 1 E.—*all laugh*—KATE *screams*—PELEG *starts to his feet in consternation.*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Scene same—ISABEL *at table reading—lays down book and drops head in hands.*

Enter, CAPTAIN, C.

Capt. (*goes to her*) Alone?
Isa. (*raising head*) With my thoughts.
Capt. Shall I offer you the usual penny for them? (*sits by her*) Isabel—Miss Courtney, in the few short weeks in which we have been thrown in each other's society you have become dearer to me—
Isa. (*starts to her feet and crosses to* L. C.—*aside*) Oh, Father in Heaven! what have I done that I must cause others unhappiness and live a life of misery and wretchedness myself?

Capt. (*goes to her*) Isabel, do not turn away from me. Is it possible that I have been mistaken and that you have no love for me?

Isa. (*aside*) Shall I allow him to think that? (*aloud*) Charles —Mr. Hargreaves, it is with sorrow—

Capt. Give yourself to me and you shall never know sorrow.

Takes her in his arms—she allows her head to rest a moment on his breast —PETER *and* PELEG *appear at* C. D. *and take in the situation—dig each other in the ribs and exit* C.—ISA. *releases herself and staggers front with hand to forehead.*

Isa. (*aside*) How can I say it?—but I must! (*aloud*) Captain Hargreaves, I am already engaged.

Capt. Engaged! (*walks away—comes back*) Have you, then, been using my heart for a plaything, with which to while away an idle hour? Is it possible that you are but a heartless flirt?

Isa. Allow me to give you a portion of my family history and you will then be more capable of judging me than you are at present.

Capt. Proceed. (*both sit*

Isa. My father's name was Alexander Courtney, a German, and his boon companion was one Jacob Polstein. Jacob Polstein had a son two years my senior, and while we were children our fathers betrothed us in marriage. My father soon after emmigrated to America, where, before he died, he became immensely rich. Peter Polstein stayed in Germany—at least, so far as I know—but be that as it may, I have never seen my betrothed husband since I have been old enough to remember. But it was understood between the two families that we were to be married in the month of * * * and that time is close at hand. But the idea of marrying a man whom I have never seen and know nothing about, has grown more and more distasteful to me as I have grown older until at times I have almost rebelled. But it was the one great desire of my father's life to have this marriage consummated, and his will, made only a short time before his death, states plainly that in case of my refusal to marry Peter Polstein at the appointed time all his money and vast estates will revert to him excepting the mere pittance which the law would allow me, and Polstein's wealth all falls to me in case he refuses to marry me. Now, Captain Hargreaves, you have heard my story and—

Capt. (*starts to his feet*) Yes; and I consider it an infamous outrage for any man to cooly and deliberately forge the chains with which to bind his child to a life of misery and suffering!

Isa. Sir! You are speaking of my father!

Capt. Isabel, much as I love you, and were he twenty times your father, I would still say the same thing! The betrothal of infants! Marriages of convenience, position or money is one of the greatest curses of the human race!

Isa. I feel that you are right. The mere loss of my wealth would not influence my decision an instant. But my father's request—

Capt. (*quickly*) Should be kept sacred, did it not consign you to worse than death.

Isa. I must have time to think. (*clasps her hands*) Oh, how shall I decide?

Capt. (*goes to her*) Let me decide for you.

Isa. (*going*) You shall have your answer soon—too soon, I fear for my future happiness. (*exit* L.

CAPT. *looks after her a moment then exits* R. 1 E.—PELEG *and* PETER *look in* C. D.

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, C. D., *laughing heartily.*

Peleg. (*sobers up*) Phot's ther matter wid yer, Dutchy?

Peter. Vell off id comes do dot, vot's der madder mit you? (*both laugh*

Peleg. Oh, it war too darned funny!

Peter. I ust looked in der door und I seen der Gaptain—

Peleg. Huggin'—

Peter. Der gal! (*both laugh*

Peleg. Oi swan ter gracious, Oi ain't laughed so much since Oi kin remember!

Peter. Me, doo!

Peleg. Say, Dutchy, kin yer sing?

Peter. Yah, ust a leedle.

Peleg. Give us a specimen.

Peter. (*mad*) Petter you dond't go do galling me names like dot; I von't stand id!

Peleg. Why, goll darn it, Oi didn't call yer anything, yer ould fool!

Peter. Fool! I dond't 'low no mans do gall me a fool! (*draws pistol*

Peleg. Here, goll darn it, look out wid thot cannon! It might go off!

Peter. Off dot gun does off, vhere you vos, eh?

Peleg. (*draws knife*) Say, yer lay down thot gun er Oi'll carve yer inter mince meat! (*rushes at him*—PETER *runs*

Peter. Look oud, dere, mit dot knife!

Peleg. Dutchy, phots ther rason you and me can't be friends?

Peter. Dot vould suit me.

Peleg. And sthop this foolin'.

Peter. Dot vould suit me pully.

Peleg. Thot's phot Oi say.

(*lays knife on chair*—PETER *lays revolver on same chair*

Peter. Dot's der dalk vot suit me.

(*shake hands across chair*—HAN. *appears* C. D.

Han. De lines am all broke down and de bloody shirt am buried.

Peleg. Hello, Charcoal! Come here.

Enter, HANIBAL, C. D.—*stands near them.*

Say, Dutchy, here's thot thing yez found in yer room thot toime.

Peter. Yah, dot vos so. Put mine gootness gracious, look at dot face!

Peleg. Say, Dutchy, did yez iver notice ther style some av these goll darned niggers put on whin they git on their best suit?

Peter. Dot peat everyting vot I see.

Peleg. Head throwed back. (*imitates*

Peter. Und stomach dot vay. (*imitates*

Peleg. But phot's this country a comin' to? If this foreign immigration ain't stopped purty quick, genuine Yankees 'll be scarcer nor hen's teeth. But Oi don't know but it's all roight so long as ther foreigners thot come over here cut loose from ther ould country and call thimselves Americans.

Peter. Yah, dot vos so. (*goes front* L.) I say, glory mit der stars und stripes!

Peleg, (*goes front* R.) And ther American Agle!

Peter. Und Hale Golumbus!

Han. And de cullud population! Let's gib free cheers! (*swings hat*

Peter. You plack Nigger!

Peleg. Here! Oi'll smash yez!

They start for him—HAN. *grabs knife and revolver and points one at each—they exit* R. 1 E. *hurriedly*

Enter, CAPTAIN, C. D.—HAN. *drops pistol and knife and rushes out* L. CAPT. *looks after him and smiles—sits at table* R.

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, C. D.

Peleg. Here he is!

Peter. You plack Nigger!

Both rush and catch CAPT. *and throw him on floor—discover their mistake and rush off* C.—CAPT. *gets up—brushes himself—looks around.*

Capt. Who is there on this ship that dare take such liberties with me? I'll investigate! (*exit* L. U. E.

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, C. D., *cautiously—both shake their fists—* PELEG *takes knife and motions* PETER *to come*—PETER *takes pistol and both exit* R. U. E.

Enter, CAPTAIN, L. U. E.

Cap. The men are all at their posts and the matter remains as much of a mystery as ever.

Enter, KATE, R.

Ah, Miss Kate, good evening.

Kate. Good evening, Captain; but you are looking troubled.

Capt. I was the victim of a practical joke a short time ago, and feel a little the worse for it; that's all.

Kate. Pshaw, Captain, you needn't tell me any such thing. I believe I could tell you what is troubling you a great deal more than that.

Capt. What is it?

Kate. Oh, how innocent we are! But, laying joking aside, Captain the course of true love never did run smoothly. (CAPT. *starts toward* C. D.—KATE *moves after him*)

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, R. U. E.—*cross stage and exit* L. U. E.

Captain Hargreaves, don't be so easily discouraged. Let me tell you a secret. (*he turns to her*) My mistress loves you.

Capt. (*seizes her hand*) By whose authority do you tell me this?

Kate. By my own, of course. (*he drops her hand*) Captain Hargreaves, here is a note my mistress requested me to hand you, and I think I can make a pretty close guess as to the contents, I say to you, stand by the ship, and mark my words, the enemy's colors will soon come down on the run.

Hands him note and exits L.—CAPT. *goes* R. U. E. *and reads note*—HAN. *runs past* C. D. *pursued by* PELEG *and* PETER—*after a moment* PELEG *and* PETER *come back past door crestfallen—shake their fists.*

Capt. And this is the end! Would I had never been born! This piece of paper tells me that I am a friend, but that I can never be anything more. And this is the end! I do not care to live longer. I may as well put an end to everything. I may as well die now as any other time! (*draws pistol and places it to his head*) Farewell, Isabel, I leave—

Enter, PELEG, C. D.

Peleg. Hold on thar, Cap! Phot in tarnation is ther matter? If thot ere persuader had a wint off it moight a hurt yez.

Capt. It would have put an end to my suffering!

Peleg. Phot in tarnation is ther matter wid yez, anyway?

Capt. I am broken hearted!

Peleg. If thot's all thot's ther matter wid yez, Oi kin soon fix thot.

Capt. Oh, do not torture me! (*rushes out* C. D.

Peleg. (*laughs*) Wall, Oi swar! Thot feller's in bad shape! Now, if Oi knowed phot ter do fer him, Oi'm darned if Oi wouldn't do it. Oi allers did hate ter see a man in trouble.

Enter, KATE, L.

Kate. Why, how kind you are, Mr. Potts!

Peleg. (*looks around*) Wall, phot av it?

Kate. Nothing: only I've heard that kind men make good—make good—

Peleg. Good what?

Kate. Make good—good husbands.

Peleg. (*aside*) Good lord, Oi'm in fer it now! (*aloud*) Why do ye say thot?

Kate. I've heard some married folks say so.

Peleg. Wall, b'gosh, Oi've niver been married and Oi don't know.

Kate. (*aside*) I'll have to try some other plan. (*screams—runs toward* PELEG *and throws herself into his arms*—PELEG *kisses her*) Why, Mr. Potts, how dare you!

Peleg. Now Oi've got ye and ye shan't go till ye've promised ter be my woife!

Kate. I—I—prom—promise.

Peleg. And ye'll marry me!

Kate. Ye—yes.

Enter, HANIBAL, C. D.

Han. Oh, de Lawd! (KATE *screams and runs off* L.—PELEG *strikes at* HAN. *who runs around stage*) Didn't go to do it, boss! But say—

Peleg. You go to ther dickers!

(*rushes off* R. U. E.—HAN. *laughs—exit* R.

Peter. (*outside*) No, Gaptain, I dond't vant do pe makin' droubles on der poat, put vone off dem sailors vos a dalkin' apout somedings und der vay he dalk I dond't could stand id!

Enter, PETER *and* CAPTAIN, C. D.

Capt. What was he talking about?

Peter. He vos dalking apout mudder-py-laws und de vay dot feller dalked vos doo pad. I dond't could stand id!

(PETER *stands* C.—CAPT. R.

Enter, ISABEL, L.—CAPT. *lifts cap and bows to her*—PETER *not seeing her, bows to* CAPT.

Vhy, I vill told you, Gaptain, dot man said dot mudders-py-law ought do pe apolished or pud in a states prison or somedings like dot. Now, I dond't tink dot vay.

Capt. What do you think?

Peter. Vell, I tink like dis. Dot ven a mans got drouples mit his mudder-py-law, in nine hoondred und ninety-nine gases id vos more ash der man's fault dhan id vos der mudder-py-law's, py gracious!

Isa. Well said!

Peter. (*turns*) Dunderin' hot, ain't id?

Isa. Allow me to thank you for your championship of the much abused mother-in-law.

Peter. Dot vos all right. I know somedings apout dot. Let me told you. Vone dime I knowed a young man und he got a first-class real mudder und a ——! pest family mudder-py-law, und der pest vife vot efer der sun shone on. Apout 240 dimes a tay dot vomans vould told him dot he got der most peautiful plue hair und plack nose dot efer vos. Now, vone dime dot feller vos down in a store und he make shokes apoud dot mudder-py-law und apoud a poor vidow vomans who got twelve small shildren und tings like dot. I dought id vos vonderful dot man's vords dond't got stuck in his troat und choke him deat. Put ust apoud dot dime I picked mineself oop und I emptied dot young mans oud der vindow und he come down on der dop off a man und a monkey vot vos standin' down dhere playing der dune galled "Gome do mine arms mine only own sweetheart."

Capt. And that served him right!

Peter. Dot's ust vot I dought. (*exit* L. U. E.

Enter, KATE, C. D.

Isa. Isn't it strange that as long as we have been on board we have never heard our German's name?

Kate. It is probably one of those unpronouncable names that would take him an hour to say and he don't like to undertake it.

Isa. Kate, I will go to my room. (*exit* KATE *and* ISA. L.

Capt. She avoids me on every occasion. (*exit* R.

Enter, PELEG *and* PETER, C. D.—*lock arms as they come in and walk front to footlights.*

Peleg. Dutchy, phot air ye going ter do whin ye git ter New York?

Peter. Vell, I vant do stop dhere avile on pizness.

Peleg. Phot hotel will ye sthop at?

(*when they reach footlights they turn to go back toward* C. D.

Enter, HANIBAL, R. U. E.

Han. Now look out foh fun!

Slips up behind them and sticks them with pins—both yell and turn quickly, each turning on outside foot at same time—HAN. *darts between them—they don't see him and go forward looking around.*

Peleg. Wall thot beats me!
Peter. I dought id vos a sticker or somedings like dot.

HAN. *sticks them again—they jump and turn as before*—HAN. *darts between them and exits* R.—PETER *and* PELEG *look all around and finally look at each other—start—square off and spar around stage* PELEG *makes a dash—clinch*—PETER *falls on back*—PELEG *kneels on him with fist raised to strike.*

Peter. Here! here! got off mine stomache!
Peleg. Lay still, goll darn ye! Oi'll show ye who ye're stickin' pins inter! (PETER *struggles and turns* PELEG *underneath*
Peleg. Here yer ain't got no roight ter hold me down, fer Oi'm a Dimicart!
Peter. Dot vos all right. I vas a Rebublican!

Enter, CAPT., C.—*catches* PETER *by collar and pulls him off of* PELEG.

Capt. Why is it you two are always fighting? Why can't you agree?
Peter. Vell, I vill tink apoud dot. (*exit* L. U. E.

PELEG *exits* R. U. E., *with hat jammed down over his eyes—shakes fist.*

CAPT *exits* C. D.—*stands by railing.*

Enter, ISABEL, L.

Isa. Oh, that this voyage was ended! (CAPT. *turns and listens*) What torture it is for me to be compelled to daily and hourly resist the pleadings of my heart! But—my duty is plain.

Enter, CAPT., C. D.—*goes to her.*

Capt. Isabel.
Isa. (*turns quickly*) Captain Hargreaves! Leave me—please do.
Capt. Isabel—pardon me, but I unintentionally overheard your soliloquy and what I heard has given me courage to again ask you to lay aside your puritanical ideas. Come to me and let me dispel the clouds that are hovering over you. (*takes her hand*
Isa. (*withdraws hand and moves* L.) You but make my trouble the harder to bear.
Capt. (*hand on her shoulder*) Listen to me a moment. It is not right—it is not in reason that you should blight your life and mine (PETER *appears* C. D.—*turns to go*) just because your father in a thoughtless moment betrothed you to the son of Jacob Polstein (PETER *listens*) What do you know of this man, Peter Polstein, your betrothed husband?
Isa. Captain Hargreaves, I know this. It was my father's dying request that I should marry Peter Polstein, and, repugnant as the idea is to me, when the time comes I shall marry him.

Enter, PETER, C. D.

Peter. Dot's pizness! (CAPT. *seizes him—runs him back to door*

Capt. You idiot! what right have you to interrupt our conversation?

Peter. I vould like do ask der laty vone questions.

Capt. Don't you see you are interrupting our conversation?

Isa. You can ask your qustion, if you choose.

Peter. I ust vant do know vot your name vos?

Isa. My name is Isabel Courtney.

Peter. Dot's vot I had goncluded.

Isa. What made you think so?

Peter. As I vas passing der door ust now I heard you speak a name vhich made me stop und listen.

Isa. And that name—

Peter. Vos der name off mine fadder—Jacob Polstein.

Isa. Then you are—you are—

Peter. Peter Polstein.

Isa. Oh, Heaven! (*drops in chair—face in hands*

CAPT. *rushes out* C. D.—*knocks over chair which attracts* PETER'S *attention.*

Peter. Vot's der matter mit dot feller? He's gone off like some shoot gun or somedings like dot. (*looks at* ISA.) So dot vos my betrothed vife vot I dond't see pefore? (*smiles*) Some vay she dond't seem bretty glat do see me. From vot I haf seen on der poat on dis drip I tink I gould put mine finger on a feller dot she vould rader see dwendy dimes as do see me nefer. Put I vill speak do her. (*goes to her*) Miss Isabel, I vould like do speak do you on pizness.

Isa. (*without raising head*) I am listening, sir.

Peter. (*aside*) Sir! Dot vos bretty goot. (*looks at her—smiles—wipes his chin*) I dought I vould haf some fun mit her put she feel doo pad. (*aloud*) Miss Isabel I vos goin to New York on burpose do see you, put dis vos petter as goot. Say, vipe dose eyes und look oop here. I dond't like do dalk do der pack off a voman's heat. (ISABEL *raises her head*) Dhere dot vos petter. I von't bite you. Now dhen, you vill understhand dot off you dond't marry me you vill lose all your fader's money, und I vill got id.

Isa. I care not for money.

Peter. Vell, money vos purty goot do haf abound der house. Put say, vasn't dhere a glause in dot vill vot sait dot in gase I gick apoud id, und vouldn't marry you, dot you dond't lose der money?

Isa. There is such a clause, sir.

Peter. Sir! Dot vos bretty goot! Miss Isabel, I vould like do told you a story.

Isa. You can proceed, sir.

Peter. Sir! (*smiles*) Miss Isabel, vone dime dhere lif a man in Shermany und he got a son. He vant dot son to marry a gal dot lif in annuder gountry, put dot young man got a gal vot lif in Shermany, py der name off Katrina, und he dold his fader dot Katrina vos blenty goot enough vor him und der oder gal might marry somepody dot vos more aggustomed to der glimate. Vell, him und his fader got a pig row und der young man leaf home. He goes do Katrina und dold her he vould go ofer do America und make money

und send pack und got her. Katrina sait all right; so der young man goes do California und he york hard; put he make blenty money. Bymby he send do Shermany vor Katrina, und she got on a ship und gome ofer do New York. Dhen der young man goes down do San Francisco und he got on a ship und he start vor New York und der name off dot ship vos der Mary Jane, und—

Isa. (*starts to her feet*) What! is this your own story you have been telling me?

Peter. (*aside*) She feels a leedle petter!

Isa. Am I to understand, then, that you refuse to fulfill your father's contract? That you refuse to—refuse to—

Peter. (*aside*) Dot vord seems do stick in her troat. (*aloud*) I vouldn't dry do say dot.

Isa. But if you refuse to marry me your father will disinherit you.

Peter. Vot ish dot?

Isa. You will lose all your father's money.

Peter. Off mine fader vos vorth all der money dot der Rothschilds got und Jay Gould, und Vanderbilt und all dhem fellers, you vant do know vot I vould do?

Isa. Yes.

Peter. I vould marry Katrina.

Isa. Then I am to understand that you refuse my hand in marriage!

Peter. Vell, a man dond't could haf dwo vifes at vone dime, und my vife's name vill pe Katrina.

Isa. (*claps her hands—crosses to* L.) Released! released! my chains are stricken off! Free! free!

Peter. Vell, she feels a goot deal petter! (CAPT. *passes* C. D.) Gaptain! gome here!

Enter, CAPT., C. D.—PETER *takes him by arm and leads him forward —points to* ISABEL.

Capt. Isabel, have you not a word for me?

Isa. (*turns to him*) Oh, Charles! (*embrace*

Peter. Vell, dot vos bretty goot vor dose folks.

Isa. (*goes to* PETER) My friend, how can I ever thank you?

Peter. Vell, dond't dry dot, I vos petter blease more ash you vos. I vos afrait dot ven you gome do see vot a nice goot lookin' young vel er I vos I vould haf droubles mit you. Put der Gaptain got me oud, eh? (*chucks her under the chin*—ISA. *blushes—turns away then suddenly turns back, catches* PETER *and kisses him on cheek*) Here! here! petter you dond't do dot some more dimes or I vill go pack on der gontract!

Isa. (*archly*) I'm not afraid.

Peter. Oh, you aind't? Vell, petter you put von dhere.

ISA. *looks at* CAPT.—*he nods—she goes to* PETER *and kisses him on the other cheek*—PELEG *and* KATE *appear* C. D. *arm in arm*—ISA. *returns to* CAPT.—PETER *goes* R.

Enter, PELEG *and* KATE, C. D. *and go* L.

Peleg. Wall, b'gosh, it looks a little as though you folks war a goin' ter pull on ther same ind av ther rope fer ther balance av ther term. But Oi'll be darned if Oi understhand from ther looks av things, jest as we come in here, it looks a little as though Dutchy war a partner in ther shebang.

Isa. Kate, there stands my betrothed husband.

Peter. Vot ust do vos.

Isa. Who has this day of his own accord refused my hand in marriage.

Kate. I declare, I've a notion to kiss him myself.

Starts toward PETER—PELEG *draws her back—draws her hand in his arm.*

Peleg. No yer don't! Hereafter when ye've got any kissing ter do jest call on yer humble servant. But, Capt, Oi most fergot ter tell ye thot Kate's made up her moind ter hitch up wid me.

Capt. Indeed? Then we can have two weddings when we reach port.

Peleg. Two weddings! Who's t'other victim? (CAPT. *and* ISABEL *look at each other*) Oh, Oi see! (*dances*) Skip-ter-deedle-e-i-do! Give us yer hand fer thirty days!

Peter. Ust vait a leedle vile dill dot prize fighter got on his muscle. Some dime she make dot Yankee skip his deedle-i-do purty qwick!

Kate. Be careful, Peleg. Suppose I should conclude not to marry you after all?

Peter. Dot vould pe an awful goot ting vor him.

Peleg. Here! goll darn yer Dutch pictur, Oi'll smash ye instanter (*start for each other*) just as sure as me name has two Ps!

Peter. Dwo Ps! Vy dot vos?

Peleg. Peleg Potts.

Peter. Und Peter Polstein.

Capt. (*to audience*) Our voyage is almost ended, friends.

Kate. We'll have to say good-bye.

Isa. We hope that we have pleased you.

Capt. We certainly did try.

Peleg. We thank ye fer yer patronage.

Peter. Here, vot vor you say dot? Dot vos my dime!

(PETER *and* PELEG *begin to fight*—CAPT. *stops them*

Capt. I'm captain still, and in command of the good ship Mary Jane.

CHORUS.

On board the Mary Jane,
On board the Mary Jane,
Our voyage o'er, we'll go on shore
And leave the Mary Jane.
On board the Mary Jane,
On board the Mary Jane,
Good-night, kind friends,
Good-night, good-night,
And good-bye, Mary Jane.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

Arthur Eustace;

—OR—

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Temperance Drama in 5 Acts, by J. W. J. Todd, for 10 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern, and time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene First.* Home of Mr. Eustace. Interview between Mr. Eustace and Mr. Gordon, the saloon-keeper. Mr. Eustace signs contract in which his building is to be used as a saloon. Hans, the Dutchman. The temperance women at work. Mrs. Eustace pleads with her husband to break his contract with Mr. Gordon. The disappointment. Arthur and Edith. Hans, the Dutchman, "Is dot so?" Mrs. Eustace's appeal to the saloon keeper. Mr. Gordon's resolve. Arthur sent on errand. "My boy in a saloon! oh, Robert you will break my heart." Hans brings Arthur in drunk. Maud and Edith discover him. "Drunk, dead drunk!" Dispair of Mrs. Eustace.

ACT II. *Scene First.* Pat, the Frenchman. Mr. Markly, Edith's lover. Pat and the rag baby—his advice to Edith. Pat's story. The proposal. "You better see father." Arthur's joke. The milliner's bill. *Scene Second.* Arthur and Pat. The note. Pat's description of Maud. The answer. "My worst fears realized; I'll try and forget her." *Scene Third.* Mr. Markly accepted as Edith's future husband. Arthur late to dinner. Pat tells how Arthur's note was received by Maud. Arthur returns home drunk—Is turned out of the house by his father. "If my boy is turned out of doors his mother goes with him."

ACT III. *Scene First.* Gordon's saloon. Hans as bartender. "No more liquor for Arthur Eustace at this bar." Jimmy Brown tends bar and goes to sleep. Arthur enters saloon. A broken promise. The fight. Arthur arrested. *Scene Second.* The bribe. "No pity for a drunkard." Mrs. Eustace in the saloon. Hans and Mr. Gordon. *Scene Third.* Arthur in prison. A visit from his mother. Arthur renews his promise. Mr. Eustace, "Let the scoundrel alone." "Go, mother, I cannot keep my promise now." "Arthur, my son, goodbye." *Scene Fourth.* Gordon's determination. Hans and the wheelbarrow. "Dot baby of Han's." The whisky jug. Gordon and Hans. The ride in the wheelbarrow.

ACT IV. *Scene First.* Mr. Gordon and Edith. "I will never marry a saloon-keeper." Gordon's promise. "Bring Arthur back a sober man and I will be your wife." The stolen money. Arthur a burglar. Hans discovers Arthur. Supposed death of Hans. "Oh God, at last I am a murderer."

ACT V. *Scene First.* Arthur's birthday. "We are paupers." The faithful servant. Arrival of Richard Markly. News of Arthur. Arthur and his wife arrive. The welcome. "My loved and true friend, Harry Gordon." The promise of Edith. Markly's dispair. Harry Gordon releases Edith from her promise. "Take her, Markly, yon are the most worthy." Pat to the front. A happy ending to "A Mother's Love."

Price 25 Cents.

Annual Physical Examination

PART [illegible] SUPPLEMENTARY